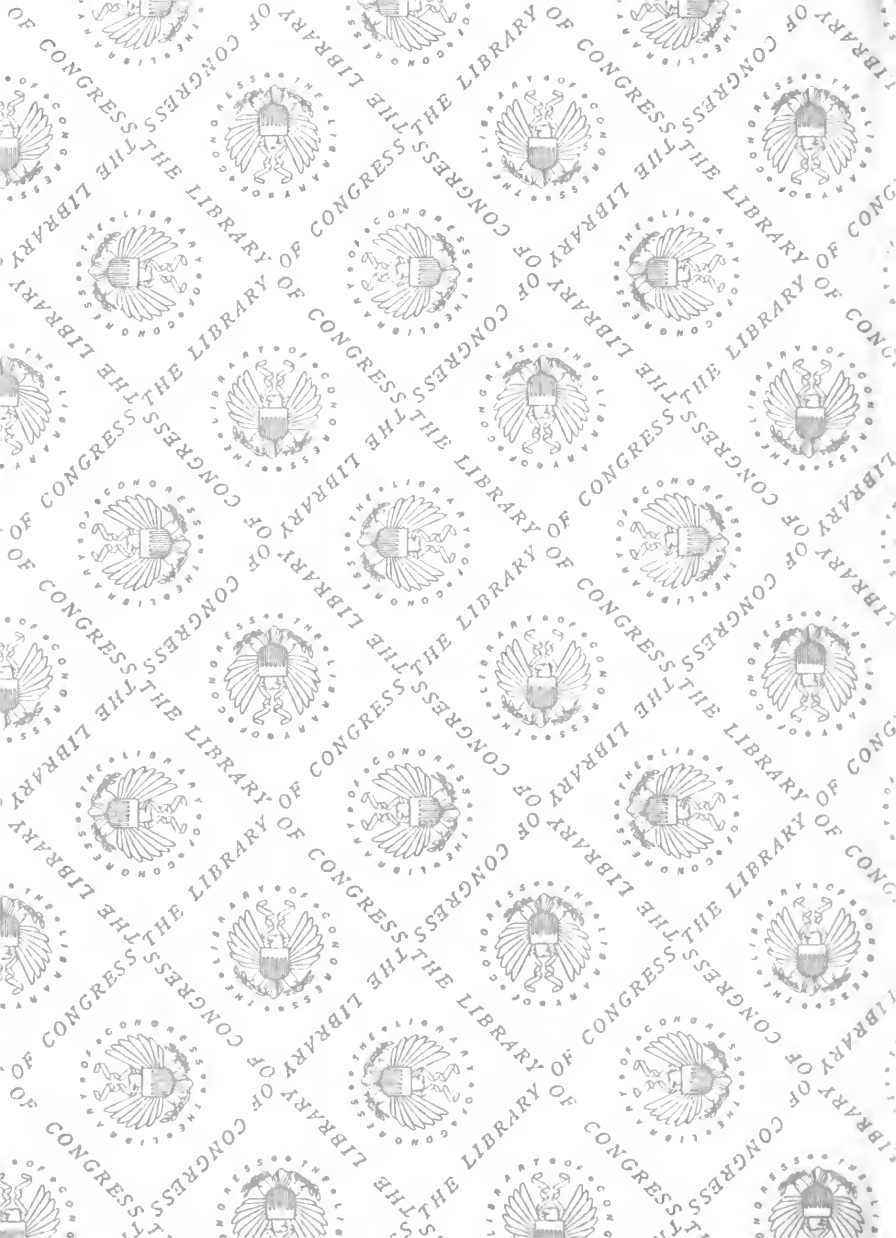
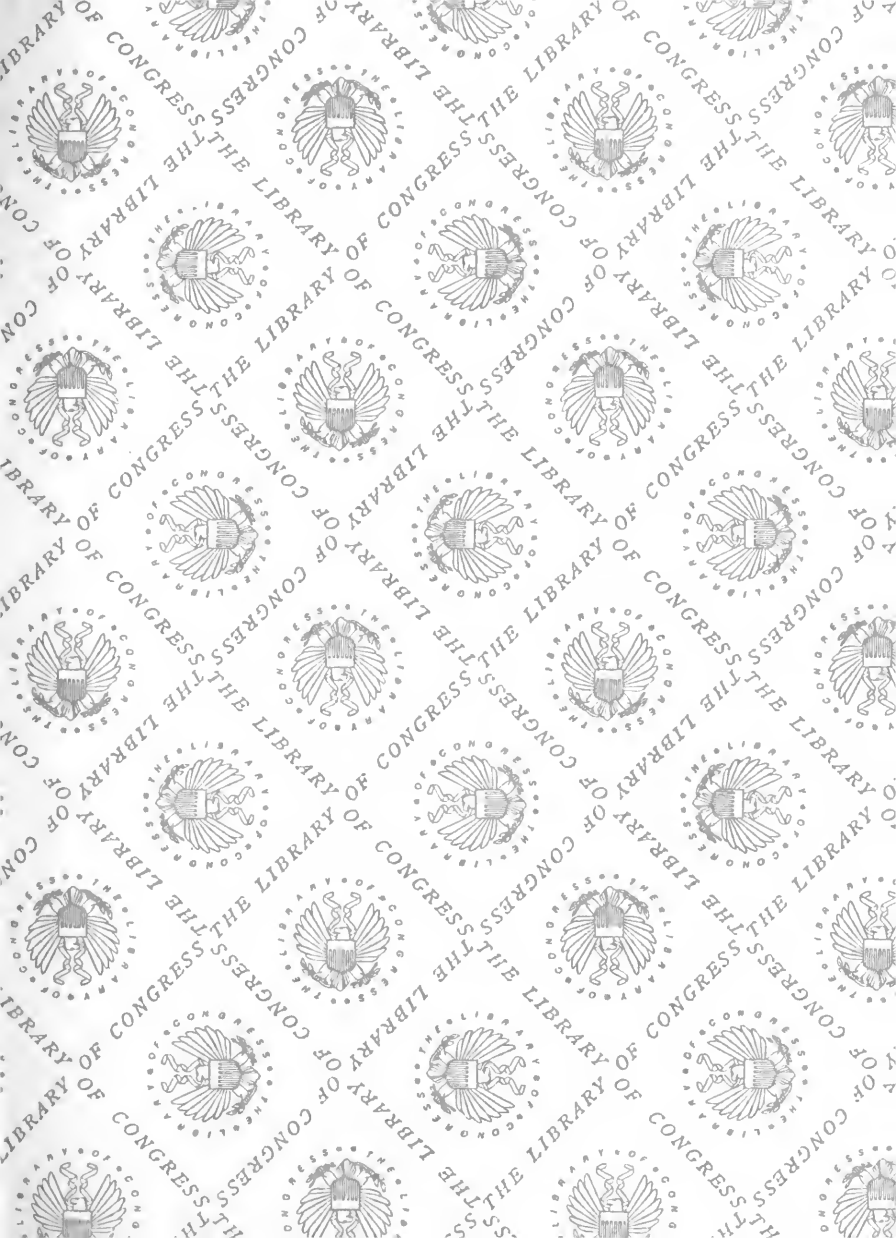


PS 3319

.W6 R3

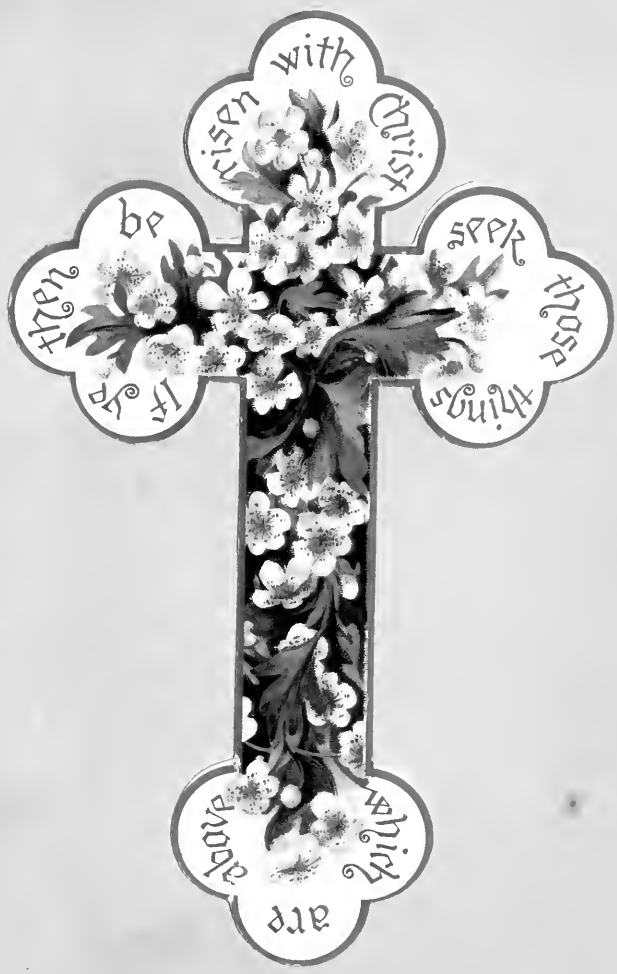
1891





PS 4319
.W6 R3
1891

206



Rabboni.



Rabboni.

— BY —

The Rev Dwight Williams.

"I am he that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive
forevermore, Amen."

COPYRIGHT 1891,
BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS,
CAZENOVIA, N. Y.



PS 3319

.W6R3

1891

Rabboni.

I

“**A**H, touch me not.” the Master said,
And why, as Mary stood ;
Could she look down the path that led
From that deep solitude
Whither he went through tears and blood
To that abyss so deep,
So far beyond the land of sleep,
That they who go with tears bedewed
Come not to us who weep ?

COULD she look up the royal road,
The highway whither he
Should reach in triumph his abode
With throngs in jubilee,
To take his crown, and sceptred be ?
Beyond her touch he knew
Far as the stars in azure blue,
And yet so near, the same to see,
Her loving Lord and true.

III

☺ JESUS let me stand by thee,
And share the same surprise ;
Ah, hast thou not a word for me,
A smile for my poor eyes ;
May not the same dear dawn arise
On all thy weary ones ;
Shall Mary only hear the tones
Sweet as the angel symphonies
Amid the golden thrones ?

SO often I have heard thee speak,
And yet I knew thee not,
And in my weeping came to seek
Thee only in the grot,
With spices borne to bless the spot,
And sweetly hallow it ;
And where they laid thee long to sit,
In sorrow of my stricken lot
Where silence seemed most fit.



MY woes are dead since thou dost live,
 “Rabboni” thou art here ;
I know thee and my love I give
 To thee my Saviour near,
I stand beside thee without fear,
 And yet two worlds divide
 Just where we stand ; thou beautified
In heaven’s serenest atmosphere,
 Mine still the earthward side.

VI

“RABBONI,” I have called thee mine,
I know thee by my love ;
It fills me with a thrill divine,
And in the light thereof
I cannot from thy smile remove,
For distance is no bar,
Love needeth not a golden car
To mount away to realms above,
The same if near or far.

MII

I KNOW thou last ascended, yet
Thou art as near to me
As thou to those on Olivet,
Who stood transfixed to see
The chariot cloud that came for thee,
And heard thy words so sweet ;
I stand within my heart's retreat ;
O world ! we here part company,
My rapture is complete.

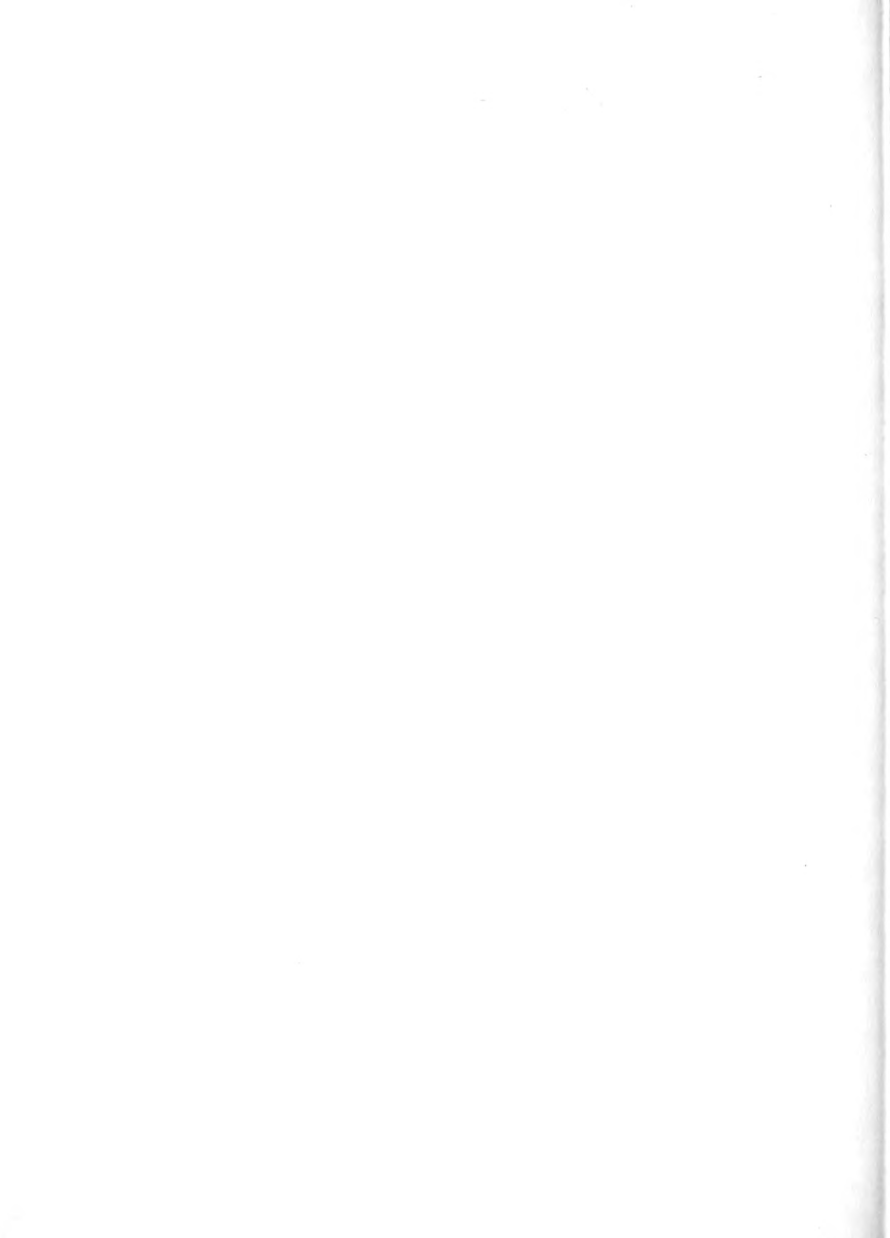


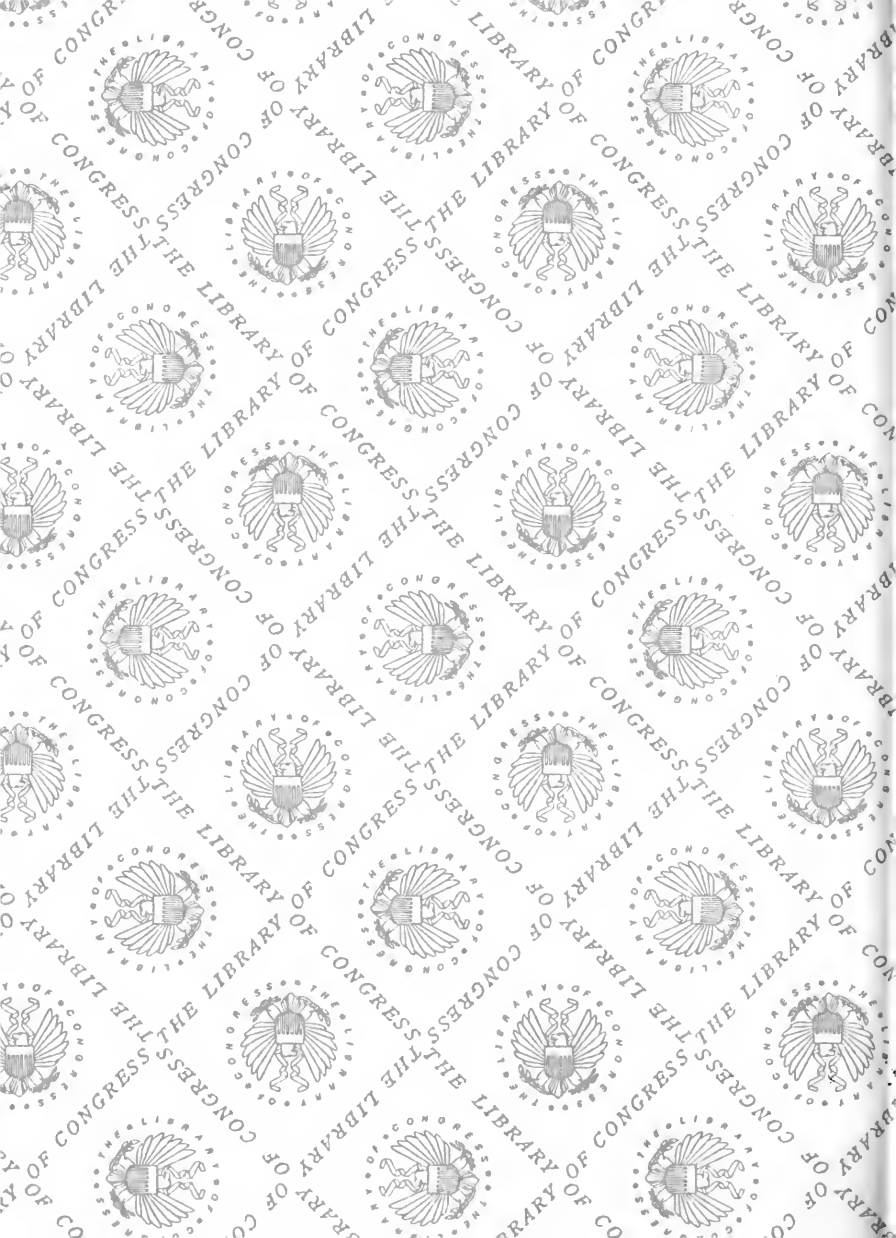
“RABBONI,” I can only say,
The wonder fills my eyes,
The morning of the perfect day
Sweeps on in glad surprise ;
Love calleth me, my heart replies,
This only can I tell,
I know thee, and I love thee well ;
Thy smile my pathway beautifies,
And in thy peace I dwell.



3477-182
Lot 69

3477-182
Lot 69





78



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 256 174 1